

PINOCCHIO



UK Comics Archive



PINOCCHIO

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Content

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Out of the fair land of Italy, from the pen of a man named Carlo Lorenzini came one of the greatest children's stories of all time.
Carlo Lorenzini wrote under the name of C. Collodi and his book was called

PINOCCHIO

The story of a mischievous wooden puppet.

THREE was once upon a time a piece of wood.

No-one knows how it came about, but the fact is, that one fine day this piece of wood was lying in the shop of an old carpenter of the name of Master Antonio. He was, however, called by everybody Master Cherry, on account of the end of his nose, which was always as red and polished as a ripe cherry.

No sooner had Master Cherry set eyes on the piece of wood than he said softly:

"This wood has come at the right moment. It will just do to make the leg of a little table.

Having said this he immediately took a sharp axe with which to remove the bark. Just, however, as he was going to give the first stroke he heard a very small voice saying imploringly, "Do not strike me!"

Picture to yourselves the astonishment of good old Master Cherry!

He turned his terrified eyes all round the room to try and discover where the little voice could possibly have come from, but he saw nobody!

So taking up the axe he struck a tremendous blow on the piece of wood.

"Oh! oh! you have hurt me!" cried the same little voice dolefully.

This time Master Cherry's eyes started out of his head with fright. As soon as he had recovered the use of his speech, he began to say, trembling with fear:

"Is it possible that this piece of wood can have learnt to cry and to weep like a child? I cannot believe it. How then? If anyone is hidden inside, so much the worse for him."

So saying, he seized the poor piece of

wood and commenced beating it without mercy against the walls of the room.

Then he stopped to listen if he could hear any little voice crying. He waited two minutes — nothing; five minutes — nothing; ten minutes — still nothing!

"I see how it is," he then said, forcing himself to laugh, "evidently the little voice that said 'Oh! oh!' was all my imagination! Let us set to work again."

But as all the same, he was in a great fright he tried to sing to give himself a little courage.

Putting the axe aside, he took the plane to plane and polish the bit of wood; but whilst he was running it up and down he heard the same little voice say, laughing:

"Have done! you are tickling me all over!"

This time poor Master Cherry fell down as if he had been struck by lightning. When he

at last opened his eyes he found himself seated on the floor.

His face was quite changed, even the end of his nose, instead of being red, as it was nearly always, had become blue from fright.

Geppetto makes a wonderful puppet.

At that moment some one knocked at the door.

"Come in," said the carpenter, without having the strength to rise to his feet.

A lively little old man immediately walked into the shop. His name was Geppetto, but the boys of the neighbourhood called him by the nickname of Pudding, because his yellow wig resembled a pudding made of Indian corn.

"What has brought you to me, neighbour Geppetto?" asked Master Cherry.

"My legs. But to say the truth, Master Cherry, I am come to ask a favour of you."

"Let us hear it."

"I thought I would make a beautiful wooden puppet that should know how to dance, and to leap like an acrobat. With this puppet I would travel about the world to earn a piece of bread and a glass of wine. What do you think of it?

"Bravo, Pudding!" exclaimed the same little voice, and it was impossible to say where it came from.

Hearing himself called Pudding, Geppetto turned to the carpenter and said in a fury:

"Why do you insult me?"

"Who insults you?"

"You called me Pudding! . . ."

"It was not I!"

"Would you have it, then, that it was I? It was you, I say!"

"No!"

"Yes!"

And becoming more and more angry, from words they came to blows.

When the fight was over the two old men shook hands, and swore that they would remain friends to the end of their lives.

"Well then, neighbour Geppetto," said the carpenter, "what is the favour that you wish of me?"

"I want a little wood to make my puppet; will you give me some?"

Master Cherry was delighted, and he went to the bench and fetched the piece of wood that had caused him so much fear. But just as he was going to give it to his friend, the piece of wood gave a shake, and wriggling violently out of his hands struck with all its force against the shins of poor Geppetto.

"Ah! is that the polite way in which you make your presents, Master Cherry? You have almost lamed me! . . ."

"The wood is entirely to blame! . . ."

"I know that it was the wood; but it was you that hit my legs with it! . . ."

"Geppetto, don't insult me or I will call you Pudding! . . ."

"Ass!"

"Pudding!"

Geppetto, blind with rage, fell upon the carpenter and they fought desperately.

When the battle was over, they again shook hands, and swore to remain good friends for the rest of their lives.



Geppetto carried off his fine piece of wood and, thanking Master Cherry, returned limping to his house.

Geppetto lived in a small ground-floor room that was only lighted from the staircase. The furniture could not have been simpler, — a bad chair, a poor bed, and a broken-down table.

As soon as he reached home Geppetto took his tools and set to work to cut out and model his puppet.

"What name shall I give him?" he said to himself; "I think I will call him Pinocchio. It is a name that will bring him luck. I once knew a whole family called Pinocchio and all of them did well."

Having found a name for his puppet, he began to work in good earnest, and he first made his hair, then his forehead, and then his eyes.

The eyes being finished, imagine his astonishment when he noticed that they looked fixedly at him.

Geppetto seeing himself stared at by those two wooden eyes said in an angry voice:

"Wicked wooden eyes, why do you look as me?"

No one answered.

He then started to carve the nose, then the chin, then the throat, then the shoulders, the body the arms and the hands.

The hands were scarcely finished when Geppetto felt his wig snatched from his head. He turned round, and what did he see? He saw his yellow wig in the puppet's hand.

"Pinocchio! . . . Give me back my wig at once!"

But Pinocchio, instead of returning it, put it on his own head, and was nearly smothered under it.

Geppetto at this rude behaviour felt sadder than he had ever been in his life before; and turning to Pinocchio he said to him:

"You young rascal! You are not yet completed, and you are already beginning to show no respect to your father! That is bad, my boy, very bad!"

And he dried a tear.

The legs and the feet remained to be done.

When Geppetto had finished the feet he received a kick on the point of his nose.

"I deserve it!" he said to himself; "I should have been ready for it! Now it is too late!"

He then took the puppet under the arms and placed him on the floor to teach him to walk.

Pinocchio's legs were stiff and he could not move, but Geppetto led him by the hand and showed him how to put one foot before the other.

Soon, Pinocchio began to walk by himself and to run about the room; until, having gone out of the house door, he jumped into the street and escaped.

Poor Geppetto rushed after him but was not able to overtake him, for that rascal Pinocchio leapt in front of him like a hare.

"Stop him! stop him!" shouted Geppetto; but the people in the street, seeing a wooden puppet running like a racehorse, stood still in astonishment to look at it, and laughed, and laughed, and laughed.

So Pinocchio has escaped and his adventures begin.

PINOCCHIO

C. Collodi's amazing story of a naughty little puppet.



Once upon a time a lovable little man named Geppetto had a good idea. He thought he would make a beautiful wooden puppet that should know how to dance and leap like an acrobat. So he went to see Master Cherry the carpenter who gave him a strange piece of wood that seemed able to speak and move by itself.

Geppetto took it home and started to carve the piece of wood. He made up his mind to call his puppet Pinocchio. No sooner was the puppet finished, however, and Geppetto had taught it to walk, than it ran away. Geppetto gave chase.

At last, as good luck would have it, a carabineer (which is the name for an Italian policeman) arrived who, hearing the uproar, imagined that a horse had escaped from his master. Planting himself bravely, with legs apart, in the middle of the road, he waited for the horse to try and stop it because as everybody knows, runaway horses can be very dangerous and cause a lot of damage.

When Pinocchio, still at some distance, saw the carabineer standing in the middle of the street, he tried to take him by surprise and to dodge between his legs, but he failed.

The carabineer caught him cleverly by the nose — it was a big nose that seemed made on purpose to be laid hold of by carabiniers — and handed him over to Geppetto. Wishing to punish him, Geppetto took him by the collar, and as he was leading him away he said to him, shaking his head fiercely:

"We will go home at once, and as soon as we arrive I will find some way to punish you, never doubt it."

At these words Pinocchio threw himself on the ground and would not take another step. In the meanwhile people began to gather and to make a ring round them.

Some of them said one thing, some another.

"Poor puppet!" said several, "he is right not to wish to return home! Who knows how Geppetto, that bad old man, will beat him . . ."

And the others added spitefully:

"Geppetto seems a good man but he doesn't like little boys! If that poor puppet is left in his hands it is quite possible he will starve him."

It ended in so much being said and done that the carabineer at last freed Pinocchio and took Geppetto to prison. The poor man cried like a baby and as he was being led away to prison sobbed out:

"Wretched boy! And to think how I have worked hard to make you a well-behaved puppet! But it serves me right! I should have been ready for such misfortune."

What happened afterwards is a story that really is past all belief.

Whilst poor Geppetto was being taken to prison for no fault of his, that imp Pinocchio, finding himself free from the clutches of the carabineer, ran off home as fast as his legs could carry him.

Having arrived at the house he found the street door open. He went in and, having fastened the latch, seated himself on the ground and gave a happy sigh. "Tomorrow I shall run away from here," he laughed.

His happiness did not last long, for he heard someone in the room who was saying:

"Cri-cri-cri!"

"Who calls me?" said Pinocchio in fright.

"It is I!"

Pinocchio turned round and saw a big cricket sitting on top of a picture frame that hung on the wall.

"Tell me, Cricket, who may you be?"

"I am the Talking-cricket, and I have lived in this room a hundred years and more."

"Now, however, this room is mine," said the puppet, "and if you would make me happy go away at once."

"I will not go," answered the Cricket, "Until I have told you a great truth."

"Tell it to me then and be quick about it."

"Woe to those boys who turn against their parents, and run away from home. They will never come to any good in the world, and sooner or later they will be very sorry for what they have done."

"Sing away, Cricket, as you please, and as long as you please," replied Pinocchio. "For me, I have made up my mind to run away tomorrow at daybreak, because if I remain I shall not escape what happens to all other boys; I shall

be sent to school and shall be made to study either by love or by force. To tell you the truth; I have no wish to learn; it is much more fun to run after butterflies, or to climb trees and to dance and sing all day long."

"That is stupid. Do you not know that in that way you will grow up a donkey, and that everyone will laugh at you?" said the Cricket.

"Hold your tongue, you wicked croaker!" shouted Pinocchio.

But the Cricket, who was patient and kindly, instead of becoming angry at Pinocchio's rude words, went on in the same tone:

"But if you do not wish to go to school why not at least learn a trade, if only to help you to earn honestly a piece of bread!"

"Do you want me to tell you?" replied Pinocchio who was beginning to lose his temper. "Amongst all the trades in the world there is only one that really takes my fancy."

"And that trade — what is it?"

"To eat, drink, sleep, and amuse myself and to lead a happy-go-lucky life from morning to night."

"As a rule," said the Talking-cricket, "all those who follow that trade end either in a hospital or in prison."

"Take care, you wicked croaker! Woe to you if I fly into a bad temper."

"Poor Pinocchio I really pity you! ..."

"Why do you pity me?"

"Because you are a puppet and what is worse, because you have a wooden head."

At these last words Pinocchio jumped up in a rage, and snatching a wooden hammer from the bench he threw it at the Talking-cricket.

Perhaps he never meant to hit him; but unfortunately it struck the Cricket

exactly on the head, so that he had scarcely breath to cry "Cri-cri-cri" and then he fell off the picture frame and disappeared from sight.

Night was coming on and Pinocchio, remembering that he had eaten nothing all day, began to feel an emptiness in his stomach.

He began to run about the room, searching in the drawers and in every cupboard, in hopes of finding a bit of bread. If it was only a bit of dry bread, a crust, a bone left by a dog, a little mouldy pudding, a fish bone, a cherry stone — in fact anything that he could gnaw.

Suddenly he thought he saw something in a corner — something round and white that looked like a hen's egg. It took him just a moment to seize hold of it. It was indeed an egg.

Pinocchio's joy was tremendous.

Without loss of time he placed a frying-pan on the fire. He broke the egg-shell over the frying-pan but instead of the white and the yolk a little chicken popped out very gay and polite. Bowing gratefully it said to him:

"A thousand thanks, Master Pinocchio, for saving me the trouble of breaking the shell. Good-bye until we meet again. Keep well and remember me to everybody at home!"

Thus saying it jumped out of the frying-pan and ran away out of sight.

The poor puppet stood as if he had been bewitched, with his eyes fixed, his mouth open, and the egg-shell in his hand. Recovering however, from his first surprise, he began to cry and to stamp his feet on the floor in temper, and amidst his sobs he said:

"Ah! If only my papa was here, I should not now be faint with hunger! Oh, what a dreadful illness hunger is!"

(You can read more about Pinocchio next week.)





PINOCCHIO

C. Collodi's amazing story of a naughty little puppet.

Once upon a time in far-off Italy, a lovable little man named Geppetto bought a piece of magic wood. Out of it he made a wonderful boy-puppet. He called him Pinocchio. To Geppetto's surprise, Pinocchio, although made of wood, was just like any other boy. He could talk and run about and was very very mischievous.

Pinocchio started his pranks by being the cause of Geppetto going to prison. Then the naughty little puppet ran back home. But there was nothing to eat in the house. Soon Pinocchio felt as though he was starving.

PINOCCHIO was tired out and hungry; and having no longer strength to stand, he sat down and rested his damp and muddy feet on a grate full of burning cinders.

And then he fell asleep; and whilst he slept, his feet which were wooden, caught fire, and little by little they burnt away.

At last about daybreak he

awoke because someone was knocking at the door.

"Who is there?" he asked, yawning and rubbing his eyes.

"It is I!" answered a voice.

And the voice was Geppetto's voice.

Poor Pinocchio, whose eyes were still half shut from sleep, had not as yet discovered that his feet were burnt off. The moment, therefore, that he heard his father's voice, he slipped off his stool to run and open the door; but after stumbling two or three times he fell his whole length on the floor.

"Open the door!" shouted Geppetto from the street.

"Dear papa, I cannot," answered the puppet, crying and rolling about on the ground.

"Why not?"

"I don't know but I cannot stand up, believe me. I've got no feet. Oh, poor me! poor me! I shall have to walk on my knees for the rest of my life! . . ." And Pinocchio started to cry.

Geppetto, believing that all this weeping was only another of the puppet's tricks, thought of a means of putting an end to it, and climbing up the wall he got in at the window.

He was very angry, and at first he did nothing but scold; but when he saw his Pinocchio lying on the ground and really without

feet he was quite overcome. He took him in his arms and as the big tears ran down his cheeks, he said, sobbing:

"My little Pinocchio! How did you manage to burn your feet?"

"I don't know, papa. I only know I fell asleep and when I woke up I had no feet." And Pinocchio began to cry and to roar so loudly that he was heard five miles off.

Pinocchio wants to be a good boy.

Geppetto drew from his pocket three pears, and giving them to Pinocchio said:

"These three pears were for my breakfast; but I will give them to you. Eat them and I hope they will do you good."

Pinocchio ate the three pears in three minutes. Then he began to cry and to grumble because he wanted a pair of new feet.

But Geppetto, to punish him for his naughtiness, said to him:

"Why should I make you new feet? To help you to escape again from home?"

"I promise you," said the puppet, sobbing, "that for the future I will be good."

"All boys," replied Geppetto, "when they want something say the same thing."

"I promise you that I will go to school, and that I will study and be a good boy."

Geppetto, although he put on a severe face had his eyes full of tears and his heart heavy with sorrow at seeing his poor Pinocchio in such a sad state. He did not say another word, but taking his tools and two small pieces of wood he set to work.

In less than an hour the two little feet were finished.

Geppetto then said to the puppet:

"Shut your eyes and go to sleep!"

And Pinocchio shut his eyes and pretended to be asleep.

And whilst he pretended to sleep, Geppetto, with a little glue, fastened his feet in their place and it was so well done that not even a trace could be seen of where they were joined.

No sooner had the puppet discovered that he had feet than he jumped down from the table on which he was lying, and began to spring and to cut a thousand

capers about the room, as if he had gone mad with delight.

"To reward you for what you have done for me," said Pinocchio to his father, "I will go to school at once."

"Good boy."

"But to go to school I shall want some clothes."

Geppetto sells his coat.

Geppetto had some clothes that he had once made for another puppet some time before. He gave them to Pinocchio who dressed himself at once.

Then he ran to look at himself in a mirror and he was so pleased with his appearance that he said, strutting about like a peacock:

"I look quite like a gentleman!"

"Yes, indeed," answered Geppetto.

"By the bye," added the puppet, "to go to school I need a Spelling-book."

"You are right: but what shall we do to get one?"

"It is quite easy. We have only to go to the bookseller's and buy it."

"And the money?"

"I have got none."

"Well, patience!" said Geppetto, at once rising to his feet, and putting on his old coat, all patched and darned, he ran out of the house.

He returned shortly, holding in his hand a Spelling-book for Pinocchio, but the old coat was gone. The poor man was in his shirt sleeves, and out of doors it was snowing.

"And your coat, papa?"

"I have sold it."

"Why did you sell it?"

"Because I found it too hot."

Pinocchio knew then that Geppetto had sold his coat to buy him a Spelling-book and he sprang up, and throwing his arms round Geppetto's neck he began kissing him again and again.

More adventures with Pinocchio next week.



GREAT PUPPET THEATRE



PINOCCHIO

The story of a mischievous wooden puppet.

Pinocchio is a little boy puppet who is made of wood; but he can walk and talk just like all boys. Since he was made by his master Geppetto, Pinocchio has become very thoughtless and mischievous. Now, however, he has promised Geppetto to mend his ways and go to school.

Geppetto has no money and so he sells his jacket so that he can buy a spelling-book for Pinocchio.

As soon as it had stopped snowing Pinocchio set out for school with his fine Spelling-book under his arm. As he went along he began to imagine a thousand things in his little brain, and to build a thousand castles in the air, one more beautiful than the other.

And talking to himself he said: "To-day at school I will learn to read at once; then to-morrow I will begin to write, and the day after to-morrow to do sums. Then with all I have learned I will earn a great deal of money, and with the first money I have in my pocket I will buy for my papa a beautiful new cloth coat. But what am I saying? Cloth, indeed! It shall be all made of gold and silver, and it shall have diamond buttons. That poor man really deserves it; for to buy me books and have me taught he has remained in his shirt sleeves. And in this cold! It is only fathers who are so kind and thoughtful."

Whilst he was saying this with

tears running down his cheeks, he thought that he heard music in the distance that sounded like trumpets and the beating of a big drum; ta-ra-ra, zum, zum, zum.

He stopped and listened.

"What can that music be? What a pity that I have to go to school, or else . . ."

And he stood still, unable to make up his mind. Should he go to school or should he go after the trumpets?

"To-day I will go and hear the trumpets and to-morrow I will go to school," finally decided the young rascal, shrugging his shoulders.

The more he ran the nearer came the sounds of the trumpets and the beating of the big drum; ta-ra-ra, zum, zum, zum.

At last he found himself in the middle of a square quite full of people, who were all crowding round a building made of wood and canvas.

"What is that building?" asked Pinocchio, turning to a little boy.

"Read the sign up there and then you will know."

"I would read it willingly, but it so happens that to-day I don't know how to read."

"Bravo, blockhead! Then I will read it to you. The writing on that sign is:

"GREAT PUPPET THEATRE"

"A puppet show!" exclaimed Pinocchio excitedly. "How splendid. Has it begun yet?"

"It is beginning now."

"How much does it cost to go in?"

"Twopence."

Pinocchio, who was jumping with excitement, lost all control of himself, and without any shame he said to the boy to whom he was talking:

"Would you lend me twopence until to-morrow?"

"I would if I could," said the other, "but it so happens that to-day my pockets are empty."

"I will sell you my jacket for twopence," the puppet then said to him.

"Your jacket is too small for me," replied the boy.

"Will you buy my shoes?" asked Pinocchio.

"They are too big for me," said the boy.

Pinocchio was on the point of making another offer, but he had not the courage. He thought for a few moments. At last he said:

"Will you give me twopence for this new Spelling-book?"

"I am a boy and I don't buy from boys," replied the boy, who had much more sense than Pinocchio.

"I will buy the Spelling-book for two-pence," called out a hawker of old clothes, who had been listening to the conversation.

And this book was sold there and then. And to think that poor Geppetto had remained at home trembling with cold in his shirt sleeves, that he might buy his son a Spelling-book!

Pinocchio paid over his two pennies to enter the puppet show. The curtain was drawn up, and the play had already begun.

On stage two puppets called Harlequin and Punchinello were quarrelling with each other, and threatening every moment to come to blows.

The audience, all attention, laughed till their sides ached as they listened to the puppets shouting and raging at each other.

All at once Harlequin stopped short and turning to the public he pointed with his hand to some one far down in the pit, and exclaimed:

"Good gracious me! Do I dream, or am I awake? But surely that is Pinocchio! . . ."

"It is indeed Pinocchio!" cried Punchinello.

"It is indeed himself!" screamed a Clown peeping from behind the scenes.

"It is Pinocchio! It is Pinocchio!" shouted lots of puppets in chorus, leaping from all sides on to stage. "It is Pinocchio! It is our brother Pinocchio! Long live Pinocchio! . . ."

"Pinocchio, come up here to me," cried Harlequin, "and throw yourself into the arms of your wooden brothers!"

At this affectionate invitation Pinocchio sprang upon stage.

The embraces, the hugs, the kisses and the friendly pinches, that Pinocchio received from the excited crowd of puppets beat description.

The sight was doubtless an exciting one, but the public in the pit, finding that the play was stopped, became important, and began to shout:

"We want the play — go on with the play!"

It was all breath thrown away. The puppets, instead of continuing the play redoubled their noise and outcries, and putting Pinocchio on their shoulders they carried him in triumph before the footlights.

At that moment out came the showman. He was very big, and so ugly that the sight of him was enough to frighten anyone. His beard was as black as ink, and so long that it reached from his chin to the ground.

At his unexpected appearance there was a profound silence: no one dared to breathe. A fly might have been heard in the stillness. The poor puppets of both sexes trembled like so many leaves.

"Why have you come to cause trouble in my theatre?" asked the showman of Pinocchio.

"Believe me, sir, it was not my fault..." replied Pinocchio.

"That is enough! I will speak to you later."

As soon as the play was over the showman went into the kitchen where a fine leg of mutton, preparing for his supper, was cooking slowly in front of the fire. As there was not enough wood to finish roasting it, he called Harlequin and Punchinello, and said to them:

"Bring that puppet here. It seems to me that he is made of very dry wood, and I am sure that if he was thrown on the fire he would make a beautiful blaze."

At first Harlequin and Punchinello hesitated; but, frightened by a severe glance from their master, they obeyed. In a short time they returned to the kitchen carrying poor Pinocchio, who was wriggling like an eel taken out of water, and screaming desperately: "Papa! papa! Save me! Save me from this terrible man."

The showman Fire-eater — for that was his name — looked, indeed, a terrible man, especially with his black beard that covered his chest and legs like an apron. On the whole, however, he had not a bad heart. In proof of this, when he saw poor Pinocchio brought before him, struggling and screaming, he was quite moved and felt very sorry for him. He tried to hold out, but after a little he could stand it no longer and he sneezed violently. When he heard the sneeze, Harlequin, who up to that moment had been weeping, became quite cheerful, and leaning towards Pinocchio he whispered to him softly:

"Good news, brother. The showman has sneezed, and that is a sign that he pitied you, and so you are saved."

More adventures with Pinocchio next week.



PINOCCHIO

The story of a mischievous wooden puppet.



Pinocchio, the little puppet who can walk and talk like any human boy, has gone to see a puppet-show instead of going to school. He is befriended by the man who owns the show. This man is called Fire-eater.

THE following day Fire-eater called Pinocchio on one side and asked him:

"What is your father's name?"
"Geppetto."

"And what does he do for a living?"

"He is out of work. He hasn't a penny in his pocket. Only think, to buy a Spelling-book for me to go to school, he had to sell the only coat he had to wear — a coat that, with all its patches and darns, was not fit to be seen."

Fire-eater, who was really a kind man, started to weep and replied:

"Poor fellow! I feel almost sorry for him! Here are five gold pieces. Go at once and take them to him with my kind regards."

Pinocchio thanked the showman a thousand times. He embraced all the puppets in the company one by one and beside himself with delight, set out to return home.

But he had not gone far when he met on the road a Fox, lame of one foot, and a Cat that appeared to be blind in both eyes, who were going along helping each other like good companions in misfortune. The Fox who was lame, walked leaning on the Cat, and the Cat

who was blind, was guided by the Fox.

"Good day, Pinocchio," said the Fox, politely.

"How do you come to know my name?" asked the puppet.

"I know your father well."

"Where did you see him?"

"I saw him yesterday at the door of his house," replied the Fox.

"And what was he doing?"

"He was in his shirt sleeves and shivering with cold."

"Poor papa! But that is over; for in the future he shall shiver no more! . . ."

"Why?" asked the Fox.

"Because I am now a gentleman."

"A gentleman — you!" said the Fox and he and the Cat began to laugh.

"There is little to laugh at," cried Pinocchio angrily. "I am really sorry to make your mouths water, but if you know anything about it, you can see that these here are five gold pieces."

And he pulled out the money that Fire-eater had given him.

At the sudden ring of the money the Fox, quickly stretched out his paw and the Cat opened wide two eyes that looked like two

green lanterns. It is true that he shut them again and so quickly that Pinocchio saw nothing.

"And now," asked the Fox, "what are you going to do with all that money?"

"First of all," answered the puppet, "I intend to buy a new coat for my papa, made of gold and silver and with diamond buttons; and then I will buy a Spelling-book for myself."

"For yourself?"

"Yes indeed: for I wish to go to school to study in earnest."

The Fox stared strangely at Pinocchio, then slowly shook his head.

"I have a better idea," he said. "How would you like to double your money?"

"In what way?" asked Pinocchio.

"Would you like to make out of your five miserable gold pieces a hundred, a thousand?" said the Fox, smiling.

"I should think so! But in what way?"

"The way is easy enough. Instead of returning home you must go with us."

"And where do you wish to take me?"

The Fox winked at the Cat and said:

"To the land of the Owls where there is a large field called by everybody the Field of Magic. In this field you must dig a little hole and you put into it, we will say, five gold pieces. You then cover up the hole with a little earth: you must water it with two pails of water and when night comes you can go quietly to bed. In the meanwhile, during the night, the gold pieces will grow and flower, and in the morning when you get up and return to the field, what do you find? You find five beautiful trees laden with as many gold pieces as a cherry tree has cherries in the month of June."

"What good people!" thought Pinocchio to himself: and forgetting there and then his papa, the new coat, the Spelling-book, and all his good resolutions, he said to the Fox and the Cat:

"Let us be off at once. I will go with you."

After having walked half the day, they came to a field that looked just like any other field.

"We are arrived," said the Fox to the puppet. "Now stoop down and dig a little hole in the ground and put your gold pieces into it."

Pinocchio obeyed. He dug a hole, put into it the five gold pieces and then filled up the hole with a little earth.

"Now, then," said the Fox, "go to that canal close to us, fetch a can of water, and water the ground where you have sown them."

Pinocchio went to the canal, and as he had no can he took off one of his shoes and filling it with water, he watered the ground over the hole.

He then asked:

"Is there anything else to be done?"

"Nothing else," answered the Fox. "We can now go away. You can return in about twenty minutes and you will find a shrub already pushing through the ground, with its branches quite loaded with money."

The poor puppet, beside himself with joy, thanked the Fox and the Cat a thousand times, and promised them a beautiful present.

"We wish for no presents," answered the two rascals. "It is enough for us to have taught you the way to enrich yourself without undergoing hard work and we are as happy as folk out for a holiday."

Thus saying they left Pinocchio and wishing him a good harvest, went about their business.

The puppet returned to the town and began to count the minutes one by one: and when he thought that it must be time, he took the road leading to the Field of Magic.

And as he walked along with hurried steps his heart beat fast tic, tac, tic, tac, like a drawing room clock.

When he arrived at the field, he stopped to see if by chance there were five trees with their branches laden with money: but he saw nothing. He advanced another hundred steps — nothing: he entered the field . . . he went right up to the little hole where he had buried his gold pieces — and nothing. He then became very thoughtful and gave his head a long scratch.

At that moment he heard loud laughter close to him and looking up he saw a large Parrot perched on a tree.

"Why are you laughing?" asked Pinocchio in an angry voice.

"I am laughing at those simpletons who believe in all the foolish things that are told them and who allow themselves to be swindled by those who are more cunning than they are."

"Are you perhaps speaking of me?"

"Yes, I am speaking of you, poor Pinocchio — of you who are simple enough to believe that money can be sown and gathered in fields in the same way as beans and tomatoes."

"I don't understand you," said the puppet, who was already trembling with fear.

"Have patience! I will explain myself better," said the Parrot. "You must know, then, that whilst you were in town the Fox and the Cat returned to the field: they took the buried money and then fled like the wind. And now he that catches them will be clever."

Pinocchio remained with his mouth open, not choosing to believe the Parrot's words, he began with his hands and nails to dig up the earth that he had watered. And he dug, and dug, and dug, and made such a deep hole that a tall tree might have stood upright in it: but the money was no longer there.

So the Fox (who is not really lame) and the Cat (who is not really blind) have run off with Pinocchio's money. What will Pinocchio do now?

Haloo, children,

Do you like the beautiful picture on our cover this week? I thought you would like it because it is so full of sunshine and happiness. Would you like to own a beautiful white horse like that? The picture would look lovely in your scrap-book, wouldn't it?

Your friend,
The Editor.





PINOCCHIO

The story of a mischievous wooden puppet.

A naughty Fox and a crafty Cat have run off with Pinocchio's money and now the little puppet does not know what to do.

JUST then a large Pigeon flew over Pinocchio's head and called down from a great height:

"Tell me, child, what are you doing there?"

"Don't you see? I am crying!" said Pinocchio, raising his head towards the voice and rubbing his eyes with his sleeve.

"Tell me," continued the Pigeon, "do you happen to know a puppet called Pinocchio?"

"Pinocchio? . . . Did you say Pinocchio?" repeated the puppet, jumping quickly to his feet. "I am Pinocchio!"

The Pigeon at this answer flew to the ground. He was larger than a turkey.

"Do you also know Geppetto?" he asked.

"Do I know him! He is my poor papa! Has he perhaps spoken to you of me? Will you take me to him? Please! Please!"

"I left him three days ago on the seashore."

"What was he doing?"

"He was building a little boat for himself, to cross the ocean. That poor man has been looking

everywhere for you. Not having found you, he has now taken it into his head to go to the distant countries of the new world in search of you."

"How far is it from here to the shore?" asked Pinocchio.

"More than six hundred miles," replied the big bird.

"Six hundred miles? Oh beautiful Pigeon, what a fine thing it would be to have your wings! . . ."

"If you wish to go, I will carry you there."

"How?"

"Astride on my back. Do you weigh much?"

"I weigh next to nothing. I am as light as a feather."

And without waiting for more Pinocchio jumped at once on the Pigeon's back.

The Pigeon took flight, and in a few minutes had soared so high that they almost touched the clouds.

They flew all day and all night.

The following morning they reached the seashore. The wind was blowing a gale and lightning flashed.

The Pigeon placed Pinocchio on the ground, and not wishing to be troubled with thanks for having done such a good deed, flew quickly away and disappeared.

The shore was crowded with people who were looking out to sea, shouting and waving their hands and pointing towards a little boat which, seen at that distance, looked like a nut-shell with a very little man in it.

Pinocchio fixed his eyes on it, then shouted: "It is my papa! It is my papa!"

The boat meanwhile, beaten by the fury of the sea, at one moment vanished in a great wave, and the next came again to the surface. Pinocchio, standing on the top of a high rock, kept calling to his father by name, and making every kind of signal to him with his hands and his handkerchief.

And although he was so far off, Geppetto appeared to recognise his son, for he waved in reply.

Suddenly a huge wave rose and the boat disappeared. Everybody waited, hoping it would come again to the surface, but it was seen no more.

"Poor man!" said the fishermen who were on the shore.

Just then they heard a loud cry and looking back they saw a little boy who shouted as he jumped from a rock into the sea: "I will save my papa!"

Pinocchio, being made of wood, floated easily and he swam like a fish. He swam and swam but saw nothing of his father.

He swam the whole day and night. And what a horrible stormy night it was!

Towards morning he saw a long strip of land not far off. It was an island in the midst of the sea. He swam towards it and stumbled ashore.

By now the sky had cleared, the sun was shining in all his splendour, and the sea was quiet and smooth.

Then suddenly at a short distance from the shore, Pinocchio saw a big fish swimming by; it was going quietly on its own business with its head out of the water.

Not knowing its name the puppet called to it in a loud voice:

"Hey, Mr. Fish, will you permit me a word with you?"

"Two if you like," answered the fish, who was a Dolphin, and very polite.

"Will you be kind enough to tell me if there are villages in this island where it would be possible to obtain something to eat?"

"Certainly there are," replied the Dolphin. "Indeed you will find one at a short distance from here."

"And what road must I take to go there?"

"You must take that path to your left and follow your nose. You cannot make a mistake."

"Will you tell me another thing? You who swim about the sea all day and all night, have you by chance met a little boat with my papa in it?"

"During the terrible storm last night," answered the Dolphin, "the little boat must have gone to the bottom."

"And my papa?"

"He must have been swallowed by the terrible whale who for some days past has been spreading ruin in our waters."

"Is this whale very big?" asked Pinocchio, who was already beginning to quake with fear.

"Big! . . ." replied the Dolphin. "Why, he is bigger than a five-storied house and his mouth is so enormous that a coach and six

horses could pass very easily down his great throat."

"Mercy upon us!" exclaimed the terrified puppet. "Goodbye, Mr. Fish. Excuse the trouble I have given you, and many thanks for your politeness."

He then took the path that had been pointed out to him and began to walk fast so fast, indeed, that he was almost running. And at the slightest noise he turned to look behind him, fearing that he might see the terrible whale with a coach and six horses in its mouth following him.

(More adventures with Pinocchio next week)

++++++
+ Do you like our cover this week? That +
+ little girl looks as though she loves +
+ reading to her cat. Are you collecting +
+ the lovely covers and the beautiful +
+ paintings that are printed on page 14 in +
+ "ONCE UPON A TIME" every week? +
+ If you are, you will have a wonderful +
+ collection and you will learn to love +
+ these splendid pictures.
+
++++++

Here are the questions about the lovely story on the centre pages this week. See if you can answer them.

1. What was the little boy's name?
2. What was the name of his lioness?
3. What sort of car did the family ride in?
4. How many cubs did the lioness have?





DON LAWRENCE

PINOCCHIO

The story of a mischievous wooden puppet who has run away from home.

AFTER a walk of half an hour Pinocchio reached a little village called "The village of the Busy Bees." The road was alive with people running here and there: all were at work, all had something to do. You could not have found an idler or an out-of-work fellow, not even if you had searched for him with a lighted lamp.

"Ah!" said that lazy Pinocchio at once, "I see that this village will never suit me! I wasn't born to work!"

In the meanwhile he began to feel very hungry indeed. What was he to do?

There were only two ways by which he could obtain food — either by asking for a little work or by begging for a halfpenny or a mouthful of bread.

At that moment a man came down the road, tired and panting for breath. He was dragging along, with great difficulty, a cart full of coal. He looked tired out.

Pinocchio, judging by his face that he was a kind man, went towards him, and casting down his eyes with shame he said in a low voice:

"Would you have the kindness to give me a halfpenny, for I am dying of hunger?"

"You shall have not only a halfpenny," said the man, "but I will give you twopence, provided that you help me to drag home this cart of coal."

"I am surprised at you!" answered the

puppet in a tone of offence. "Let me tell you that I refuse to do the work of a donkey: I have never drawn a cart! . . ."

"So much the better for you," answered the man. "Then, my boy, if you are really dying of hunger, eat two fine slices of your pride, and be careful not to get indigestion." And away went he.

In less than half an hour twenty other people went by; and Pinocchio asked of them all for money but they all answered:

"Are you not ashamed to beg? Instead of idling about the roads, go and look for a little work and learn to earn your bread."

At last a nice little woman carrying two cans of water came by.

"Will you let me drink a little water out of your can?" asked Pinocchio, who was burning with thirst.

"Drink my boy, if you wish it!" said the little woman, setting down the two cans.

Pinocchio drank like a fish, and as he dried his mouth he mumbled:

"I have quenched my thirst. If I could only get rid of my hunger! . . ."

The good woman hearing these words said:

"If you will help me to carry home these two cans of water, I will give you a fine piece of bread."

Pinocchio looked at the can and answered neither yes nor no.

"And besides the bread you shall have a nice

dish of fish and chips," added the good woman.

Pinocchio gave another look at the cans and answered neither yes nor no.

"And after the fish and chips I will give you a beautiful pancake full of syrup."

The thought of the pancake full of syrup was so great that Pinocchio could resist no longer and he said:

"Very well. I will carry the cans to your house."

When they reached the house the good little woman made Pinocchio sit down at a small table already laid and she placed before him the bread, the fish and chips and the pancake.

Pinocchio ate and ate and ate. His stomach was like a house that had been left empty for five months.

When at last he had finished eating, he raised his head and looked at the little old woman. As he did so, he saw, to his great wonder, that she was changing into a beautiful fairy with sky-blue wings.

"Who are you?" asked Pinocchio, his mouth wide open in astonishment.

"I am your Good Fairy and I know all about you and your adventures," replied the Fairy. "I am here to help you."

Pinocchio gulped. This seemed too good to be true.

"In that case," said he, "I'd like to be a real boy instead of a puppet."

"And you will become one, if you know how to deserve it"

"Not really? What can I do to deserve it?"

"A very easy thing: by learning to be a good boy," said the Fairy.

"And you think I am not?" asked Pinocchio.

"Good boys always speak the truth"

"And I don't."

"Good boys go willingly to school"

"And school gives me pain all over my body. But from today I will change my life."

"Do you promise me?"

"I promise you. I will become a good little boy, and I will be my papa's pride and joy. By the way, do you know what has happened to my papa?"

"No," answered the Fairy.

"Shall I ever have the happiness of seeing him again and kissing him?"

"I think so; indeed I am sure of it."

"Oh, how delightful!" shouted Pinocchio.

"You must obey me and do everything that I bid you."

"Willingly, willingly, willingly!"

"Tomorrow," rejoined the Fairy, "you will begin to go to school."

And Pinocchio answered: "I will study, I will work, I will do all that you tell me, for indeed I have become weary of being a puppet, and I wish at any price to become a boy. You promised me that I should, did you not?"

"I did promise you, and it now depends upon yourself."

The following day Pinocchio went to the government school.

Imagine the delight of all the little boys when they saw a puppet walk into their school! They set up a roar of laughter that

never ended. They played him all sorts of tricks. One boy poured ink over his boots, another tried to trip him up.

At this all the boys roared with more laughter and one of them stretched out his hand to seize the puppet by the end of his nose.

But he was not in time, for Pinocchio gave him a great kick on his shins.

"Oh, what hard feet!" roared the boy, rubbing the bruise that the puppet had given him.

Then Pinocchio elbowed another boy in the side.

"And what elbows! . . . even harder than feet!" said the second boy.

But nevertheless the kick and the blow earned at once for Pinocchio the respect of all the boys in the school. They all made friends with him and liked him heartily.

And even the master praised him, for he found him attentive, studious, and clever — always the first to come to school, and the last to leave when school was over.

A year passed by and Pinocchio worked very very hard.

Indeed, at the examinations before the holidays, he had the honour of being the first in the school, and his behaviour in general was so satisfactory and praiseworthy that the Fairy was very much pleased. She came and said to him:

"Tomorrow you shall cease to be a wooden puppet, and you shall become a boy."

No one could ever imagine Pinocchio's joy at this long-sighed-for good fortune. All his schoolfellows were to be invited for the following day to a grand breakfast at the Fairy's house, that they might celebrate together the

great event. The Fairy prepared two hundred cups of coffee and milk, and four hundred rolls cut and buttered on each side. The day promised to be most happy and delightful, but

Unfortunately in the lives of puppets there is always a "but" that spoils everything.

More about Pinocchio next week.

Here are the questions about the lovely story on the centre pages. Try to answer the questions and then re-read the story to see if you have answered them correctly.

1. What was the little boy's name?
2. Did he eat his breakfast?
3. What was the name of the kind gentleman?
4. How many daughters did the gentleman have?
5. How many cartwheels did the little boy turn when he reached home?

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PINOCCHIO



The Good Fairy has promised to turn Pinocchio the puppet into a real boy. To celebrate the event, Pinocchio is inviting his friends to a jolly breakfast.

PINOCCHIO, as was natural, asked the Fairy's permission to go round the town to take the invitations; and the Fairy said to him: "Go if you like and invite your friends for the breakfast tomorrow, but remember to return home before dark. Have you understood?"

"I promise to be back in an hour," answered the puppet.

Without saying more the puppet took leave of his Good Fairy, and went out of the house singing and dancing.

In less than an hour all his friends were invited.

Now I must tell you that amongst Pinocchio's friends and school chums there was one that he greatly preferred and was very fond of. This boy always went by the nickname of Candlewick, because he was so thin, straight and bright like the new wick of a little candle.

Candlewick was the laziest and the naughtiest boy in the school; but Pinocchio liked him very much. He had indeed gone at once to his house to invite him to the breakfast, but he had not found him. He returned a second time, but Candlewick was not there. He went a third time, but it was in vain. Where could he search for him? He looked here, there, and everywhere, and at last he saw him hiding in the porch of a peasant's cottage.

"What are you doing there?" asked Pinocchio, coming up to him.

"I am waiting for midnight, to start . . ."

"Why, where are you going?"

"Very far, very far, very far away."

"And I have been three times to your house to look for you."

"What did you want with me?"

"Have you not heard of my good fortune?" asked Pinocchio.

"What is it?"

"Tomorrow I cease to be a puppet, and I become a boy like you and all the other boys."

"Much good may it do you."

"Tomorrow, therefore, I expect you to breakfast at my house."

"But when I tell you that I am going away tonight . . ."

"And where are you going?"

"I am going to live in a country . . . the most delightful country in the world: a real land called the 'Land of Boobies.' Why do you not come too?"

"I? No, never!"

"You are wrong, Pinocchio. Believe

me, if you do not come you will be sorry. Where could you find a better country for us boys? There are no schools there: there are no masters; there are no books. In that delightful land nobody ever studies. Only think, the summer holidays begin on the 1st of January and finish on the last day of December. That is the country for me! That is what all countries should be like! . . ."

"But how are the days spent in the 'Land of Boobies?'" asked Pinocchio.

"They are spent in play and amusement from morning till night. When night comes you go to bed, and start the same life in the morning. What do you think of it?"

"Hum! . . ." said Pinocchio; and he nodded his head slightly as much as to say, "That is a life that I also would like to lead." Then he asked:

"Are you going alone?"

"Alone? We shall be more than a hundred boys," grinned Candlewick.

"And do you make the journey on foot?" asked Pinocchio.

"A coach will pass by shortly which is to take me to that happy country," replied Candlewick.

"What would I not give for the coach to pass by now! . . ." sighed the puppet.

"Why?" asked Candlewick.

"That I might see you all start together."

"Wait another two minutes," chuckled Candlewick.

"Are you really certain that there are no schools in that country?" Pinocchio then wanted to know.

"Not even the shadow of one."

"And no masters either?"

"No."

"And no one is ever made to study?"

"Never, never, never!" and Candlewick shook his head.

"What a delightful country!" said Pinocchio, his mouth watering. "What a delightful country! I have never been there, but I can quite imagine it . . ."

"Why will you not come also?"

"It is useless to tempt me. I promised my Good Fairy to become a good boy, and I will not break my word. Goodbye, Candlewick: a pleasant journey to you, amuse yourself, and think sometimes of your friends."

Thus saying, the puppet made two steps to go. But then stopped, and turning to his friend he asked:

"But are you quite certain that in that country the holidays begin on the 1st January and finish on the last day of December?"

"Yes."

"What a delightful country!" repeated Pinocchio looking enchanted. Then, he added in a great hurry:

"This time really goodbye, and a pleasant journey to you."

In the meantime night had come on and it was quite dark. Suddenly they saw in the distance a small light moving . . . and they heard a noise of talking, and the sound of a trumpet.

"Here it is!" shouted Candlewick, jumping to his feet.

"What is it?" asked Pinocchio in a whisper.

"It is the coach coming to take me. Now will you come, yes or no?"

"But is it really true," asked the puppet, "that in that country boys are never expected to study?"

"Never, never, never!"

"What a delightful country! . . . What a delightful country."

At last the coach arrived; and it arrived without making the slightest noise, for its wheels were bound round with tow and rags.

It was drawn by twelve pairs of donkeys, all the same size but of different colours.

Some were gray, some white, and others had large stripes of yellow and blue.

But the strangest thing was this: the twenty-

four donkeys, instead of being shod with iron shoes like other donkeys, had on their feet men's boots made of white leather.

And the coachman? . . .

Picture to yourself a little man broader than he was long, flabby and greasy like a lump of butter, with a small round face like an orange, a little mouth that was always laughing, and a soft voice like a cat's.

The coach was quite full of boys between eight and twelve years old, heaped one upon another like herrings in a barrel. They were uncomfortable, packed close together and could hardly breathe: but nobody said OH! — nobody grumbled. The thought that in a few hours they would reach a country where there were no books, no schools, and no masters, made them so happy that they felt neither hunger, nor thirst, nor want of sleep.

As soon as the coach had drawn up, the little coachman turned to Candlewick, and with a thousand chuckles said to him smiling:

"Tell me, my fine boy, would you also like to go to the wonderful 'Land of Boobies'?"

"I certainly wish to go."

"But I must warn you, my dear child, that there is not a place left in the coach. You can see for yourself that it is quite full..."

"No matter," replied Candlewick "if there is no place inside, I will sit on top."

And clambering up, he seated himself on top of the coach.

"And you, my love! . . ." said the little man, turning in a flattering manner to Pinocchio, "what do you intend to do? Are you coming with us, or are you going to remain behind?"

Pinocchio did not answer; but he sighed; he sighed again: he sighed for the third time, and he said finally:

"Very well, I am coming, too," and he climbed up and sat down beside Candlewick.

The next moment the coach was off, bound for the 'Land of Boobies.'

There will be another story about Pinocchio next week.

Here are the questions about the lovely story on page 12. Try to answer the questions and then re-read the story to see if you have answered them correctly.

1. What was the name of Rifle Tom's father?
2. How many Red Indians were they chasing?
3. Whose hunting grounds did they enter?
4. How did Brown Bob lead the scouts to the Indians' wigwam?





DON LAWRENCE....

PINOCCHIO

The story of a mischievous wooden puppet who runs away from home.

In the morning about daybreak the coach arrived safely in the "Land of the Boobies."

It was a country unlike any other country in the world. The population was composed entirely of boys. The oldest were fourteen, and the youngest scarcely eight years old. In the streets there was such merriment, noise and shouting, that it was enough to turn anybody's head.

There were troops of boys everywhere. Some were playing with balls. Some rode wooden horses. A party were playing hide and seek, a few were chasing each other. Some were walking on their hands with their feet in the air. Some were laughing, some shouting, some were calling out; others clapped their hands, or whistled, or clucked like a hen who has just laid an egg.

To sum it all up, it was such an uproar, that not to be deafened it would have been necessary to stuff one's ears with cotton wool.

Pinocchio, Candlewick and the other boys who had made the journey with the little coachman, had scarcely set foot in the town before they were in the thick of the fun and I need not tell you that in a few minutes they had made friends with everybody. Where could happier boys be found?

In the midst of continual games and every amusement, the hours, the days and the weeks passed like lightning.

"Oh, what a delightful life!" said Pinocchio,

whenever by chance he met Candlewick.

"See, then, if I was not right?" replied the other. "And to think that you did not want to come! To think that you had taken it into your head to return home to your Fairy and to lose your time in lessons!... If you are at this moment free from the bother of books and school, you owe it all to me, your best friend."

"It is true, Candlewick! If I am now a happy boy, it is all your doing." And away danced Pinocchio.

This delightful life had gone on for five months. The days had been entirely spent in play and amusement, without a thought of books or school, when one morning Pinocchio awoke to a most disagreeable surprise that put him into a very bad temper.

When Pinocchio awoke he scratched his head; and in scratching his head he discovered . . . Can you guess what he discovered?

He discovered to his great astonishment that his ears had grown more than six inches.

He went at once in search of a looking glass that he might look at himself, but not being able to find one he filled the basin of his washing-stand with water, and he saw reflected what he certainly would never have wished to see. He saw his head embellished with a splendid pair of donkey's ears!

Only think of poor Pinocchio's anger.

He began to cry and roar, and he beat his head against the wall; but the more he cried the longer his ears grew; they grew, and grew and became hairy towards the points.

"I must go and find Candlewick at once," he said at last. "Candlewick will know what this is all about."

And he turned to go out. But when he reached the door he remembered his donkey's ears, and feeling ashamed to show them in the street, what do you think he did?

He took a big cotton cap, and putting it on his head he pulled it well down over his donkey's ears.

He then set out and went everywhere in search of Candlewick. He looked for him in the streets, in the squares, in every possible place; but he could not find him. He asked everybody he met, but no one had seen him.

He then went to seek him at his house; and having reached the door he knocked.

"Who is there?" asked Candlewick.

"It is I!" answered the puppet.

"Wait a moment and I will let you in."

After half an hour the door was opened, and imagine Pinocchio's feelings when upon going into the room he saw his friend Candlewick with two large donkey's ears, too.

"Why, you're just like me," said Pinocchio and he took off the cotton cap. When Candlewick saw Pinocchio's ears, he started laughing. Then Pinocchio laughed at

Candlewick's ear. And they laughed and laughed and laughed, until they had to hold themselves together. But in the midst of their merriment, Candlewick suddenly stopped, staggered and said to his friend:

"Help, help, Pinocchio!"

"What is the matter with you?"

"Alas, I cannot any longer stand upright."

"No more can I," exclaimed Pinocchio, tottering and beginning to cry.

And whilst they were talking they both doubled up and began to run round the room on their hands and feet. And as they ran, their hands became hoofs, their faces grew longer and their backs became covered with a light grey hairy coat sprinkled with black.

They had both turned into donkeys!

Oh, if they had but been wiser!

But instead of sighs and weeping they could only bray like asses; and they brayed loudly and said in chorus: "Hee-haw! Hee-haw!"

Whilst this was going on some one knocked at the door and a voice on the outside said:

"Open the door! I am the coachman, who brought you to this country. Open at once, or it will be the worse for you!"

Finding that the door remained shut the little coachman burst it open with a kick, and coming into the room he said to Pinocchio and Candlewick with his usual little laugh:

"Well done boys! You brayed well, and I knew you by your voices. That is why I am here."

At these words the two little donkeys were quite shocked and stood with their heads

down, their ears lowered, and their tails between their legs.

At first the little coachman stroked and patted them; then taking out a brush he brushed them well. Then he put a rope round their necks and led them to the market-place, in hopes of selling them and making a lot of money.

And indeed buyers were not wanting.

Candlewick was bought by a farm-worker and Pinocchio by the director of a big company of clowns and tight-rope dancers, who bought him that he might teach him to leap and to dance with the animals belonging to the company.

You see, the wicked little coachman, who had a face all milk and honey, made journeys all round the world with his coach. As he went along he collected, with all sorts of promises, all the idle little boys who did not like books or school. As soon as his coach was full he took them to the "Land of Boobies," that they might pass their time in games, in uproar and in fun. When these poor boys, from lots of fun and no lessons, had become so many little donkeys, he carried them off to fairs and markets to be sold. And in this way he had made heaps of money and had become a millionaire.

What became of Candlewick I do not know; but I do know that Pinocchio from the very first day had to endure a hard life.

When he was put into his stall his master filled the manger with straw; but Pinocchio, having tried a mouthful spat it out again.

The next morning his master woke him up early and shouted at the top of his voice:

"Get up! Get up! Are you going to sleep all day? You must come with me to the circus and there I will teach you to jump through paper hoops, to stand and to dance upright on your hind legs."

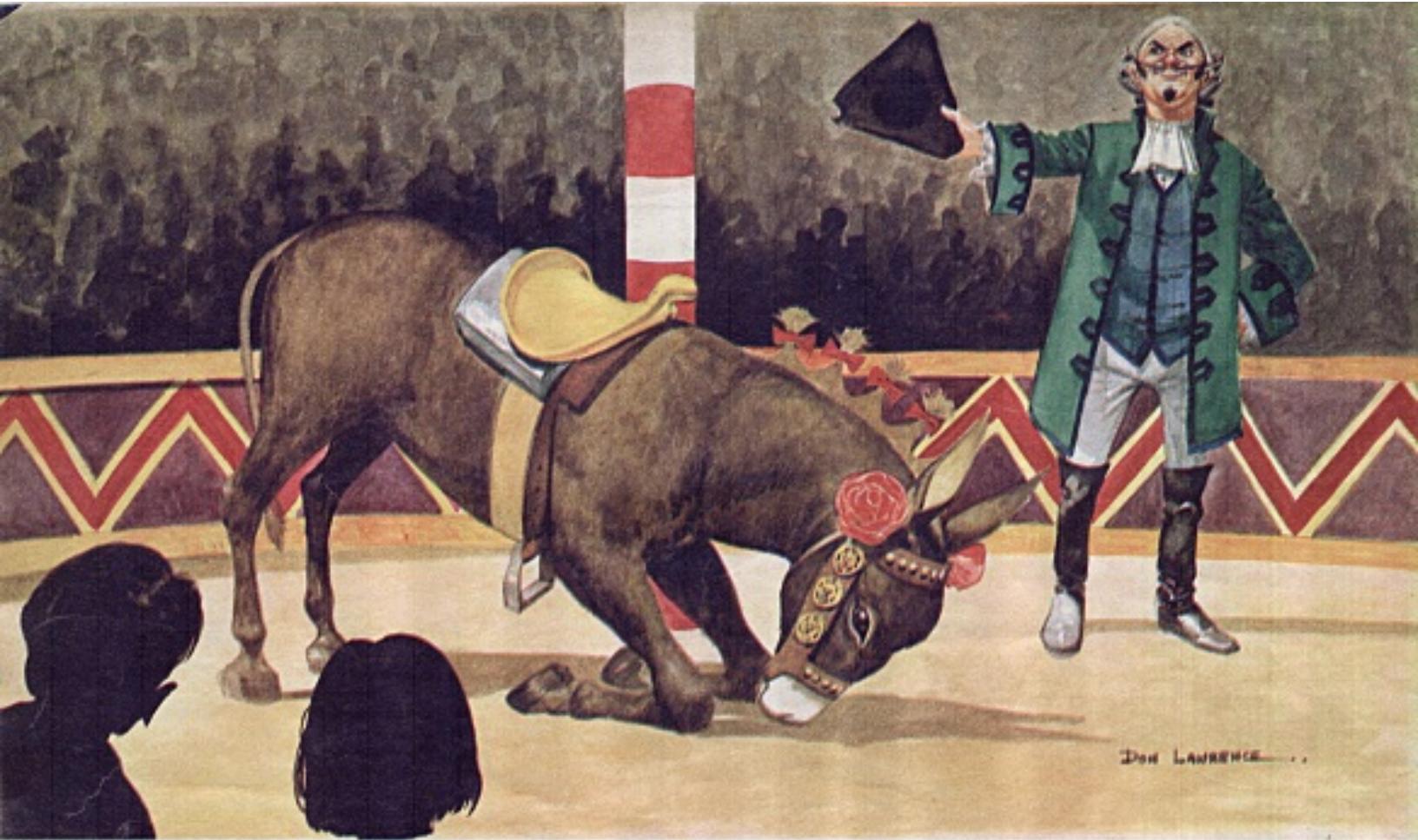
Poor Pinocchio had to learn all these tricks. But it took him three months before he had learned them and he had many a whipping during that time.

Life is now so unhappy for Pinocchio. Learn what happens to him next week.

Here are the questions about the lovely story on page 13. Try to answer the questions and then re-read the story to see if you have answered them correctly.

1. How many cousins were there?
2. What was the name of the eldest girl?
3. What was the fairy piper's name?
4. What did he do to the four dogs?





PINOCCHIO

Pinocchio was a wooden puppet, but as a punishment for being idle he has been changed into a donkey. He has been bought by the owner of a circus.

AT last the day came when Pinocchio was to perform in the circus. Placards were stuck up everywhere so that everyone would know.

On that evening, as you may imagine, an hour before the play was to begin the theatre was full.

When the first part of the performance was over, the ring-master dressed in green coat, white shorts, and big leather boots that came above his knees, led the donkey Pinocchio into the ring.

Then the ring-master shouted:

"Now then, Pinocchio. Bow to the ladies and gentlemen!"

Pinocchio obeyed and bent both his knees till they touched the ground, and remained kneeling until the ring-master shouted to him:

"Now walk!"

Then the little donkey raised himself on his four legs and began to walk round the circus ring.

After a little the ring-master shouted:

"Trot!" and Pinocchio, obeying the order, changed to a trot.

"Gallop!" and Pinocchio broke into a gallop.

"Full gallop!" and Pinocchio went full gallop. But whilst he was going full speed like a racehorse the ring-master, raising his arm in the air, fired off a pistol.

At the shot the little donkey, pretending

to be wounded, fell his whole length in the circus ring.

He got up from the ground amidst an outburst of shouts, and clapping of hands.

"Now, Pinocchio! Let everybody see how cleverly you can jump through the hoops."

Pinocchio tried two or three times, but each time that he came in front of the hoop, instead of going through it, he found it easier to go under it. At last he made a leap and went through it; but his right leg unfortunately caught in the hoop, and that caused him to fall to the ground doubled up in a heap on the other side.

When he got up he was lame, and it was only with great difficulty that he managed to return to the stable.

"Bring out Pinocchio! We want the little donkey! Bring out the little donkey!" shouted all the boys in the theatre, because they had loved his act so much.

But the little donkey was seen no more that evening.

The following morning a doctor of animals paid him a visit and declared that he would remain lame for life.

The ring-master then said to the stable-boy:

"What do you suppose I can do with a lame donkey? He would eat food without earning it. Take him to the market and sell him."

When they reached the market a farmer asked the stable-boy:

"How much do you want for that lame donkey?"

"Twenty pence."

"I will give you ten pence. Don't suppose I am buying him to make use of; I am buying him solely for his skin. I intend to make a drum with it for the band of my village."

I leave it to my readers to imagine poor Pinocchio's feelings when he heard that he was about to become a drum!

As soon as the farmer had paid his ten pence he led the little donkey away.

But Pinocchio had made up his mind he was not going to be a drum. Suddenly he took to his heels and ran away. But being lame he could not run very fast. At last he came to the sea-shore. He took one look over his shoulder. The farmer was close behind. There was nothing else for it.

Pinocchio jumped into the sea. At once something very strange happened. He changed back into a puppet again!

Was it the strange effect of sea-water? Or had the Good Fairy worked her magic and come to Pinocchio's aid?

In the twinkling of an eye he had swum so far off that he was scarcely visible.

Are Pinocchio's troubles over at last? You must not miss his next adventure.

Here are the questions about the lovely story on page 13. Try to answer the questions and then re-read the story to see if you have answered them correctly.

1. Why did the King send the Prince to a distant land?
2. What did the Prince give to the maiden he loved?
3. How many huntsmen were there?
4. What did the Prince see when he took off the huntsman's glove?



PINOCCHIO

The mischievous puppet Pinocchio has been swallowed by a whale.

PINOCCHIO closed his eyes as he went down, down, down. When he opened his eyes again everything was very dark, and the darkness was so black that it seemed to him that he had fallen head downwards into an inkstand full of ink.

Pinocchio at first tried to keep up his courage; but when he had one proof after another that he was really shut up in the body of this whale he began to cry and to sob out:

"Help! Help! Oh, how unfortunate I am! Will nobody come to save me?"

At last he began to grope his way in the dark through the body of the whale, taking a step at a time in the direction of a light that he saw shining dimly at a great distance.

The farther he advanced the brighter became the light; and he walked and walked until at last he reached it; and when he reached it....what did he find? I will give you a thousand guesses. He found a little table spread out, and on it a lighted candle stuck into a green glass bottle, and seated at the table was a little old man.

It was Geppetto, his papa, the man who had made him out of a piece of wood.

At this Pinocchio was filled with great joy. He wanted to laugh, he wanted to cry, he wanted to say a thousand things, and instead he could only stammer out a few broken words. At last he

uttered a cry of joy, and opening his arms he threw them round the little old man's neck and began to shout:

"Oh, my dear papal I have found you at last! I will never leave you more, never more, never more!"

"Then my eyes tell me true?" said the little old man, rubbing his eyes; "then you are really my dear Pinocchio?"

"Yes, yes, I am Pinocchio, really Pinocchio! And you have quite forgiven me, have you not? Oh, my dear papa, how good you are!"

And Pinocchio went on to tell Geppetto all that had happened since he had last seen the good old man sinking in his boat far out at sea.

"Yes," said Geppetto, "the sea was very rough and a great wave upset my boat. Then a horrible whale who was near, as soon as he saw me in the water, came towards me and swallowed me as if I had been a little sausage."

"And how long have you been shut up here?" asked Pinocchio. "And how have you managed to live? And where did you get the candle? And the matches to light it? Who gave them to you?"

"Stop, and I will tell you everything. You must know, then, that in the same storm in which my boat was upset a merchant ship also sank. The sailors were all saved, but the vessel went to the bottom, and the whale, after he had swallowed me, swallowed the ship."

"How?"

"He swallowed it in one mouthful, and the only thing that he spat out was the mainmast, that had stuck between his teeth like a fish-bone. Fortunately for me the ship was laden with meat in tins, biscuits, bottles of wine, dried raisins, cheese, coffee, sugar, candles and so I have been able to live all this time. But now there is nothing left in the larder and this candle is the last that remains....."

"Then, dear little papa," said Pinocchio, "there is no time to lose. We must think of escaping."

"Of escaping?.... and how?"

"We must escape through the mouth of the whale, jump into the sea and swim away."

"You talk well: but, dear Pinocchio, I don't know how to swim."

"What does that matter? I am a good swimmer, and you can get on my shoulders and I will carry you safely to the shore."

"It would be no use, my boy!" replied Geppetto, shaking his head with a sad smile. "Do you suppose it possible that a puppet like you, scarcely three feet, could have the strength to swim with me on his shoulders!"

"Try it and you will see!"

Without another word Pinocchio took the candle in his hand and going in front to light the way, he said to his father:

"Follow me and don't be afraid."

Now I must tell you that the whale being very old, always slept with his mouth open. Pinocchio, therefore, having approached the entrance to his throat and, looking up, could see beyond the gaping mouth a large piece of starry sky and beautiful moonlight.

"This is the moment to escape," he whispered, turning to his father; "the whale is sleeping like a dormouse, the sea is calm, and it is as light as day. Follow me, dear papa and in a short time we shall be in safety."

They immediately climbed up the throat of the whale and having reached his great mouth they began to walk on tiptoe down his tongue.

Before taking the final leap the puppet said to his father:

"Get on my shoulders and put your arms round my neck. I will take care of the rest."

As soon as Geppetto was firmly settled on his son's shoulders, Pinocchio, feeling sure of himself, threw himself into the water and began to swim. The sea was smooth, the moon shone brightly and the whale was sleeping so deeply that even a thunder storm would have failed to wake him.

Whilst Pinocchio was swimming quickly towards the shore he discovered that his father, who was on his shoulders with his legs in the water, was trembling as violently as if the poor man had an attack of fever.

Was he trembling from cold or from fear?... Perhaps a little from both the one and the other. But Pinocchio, thinking that it was from fear, said to comfort him:

"Courage, papa! In a few minutes we shall be safely on shore."

"But where is the shore?" asked the little old man, becoming still more frightened, and screwing up his eyes as tailors do when they wish to thread a needle. "I have been looking in every direction and I see nothing but the sky and the sea."

"But I think I can see the shore," said the puppet.

Poor Pinocchio! His strength was failing, he was gasping and panting for breath. But he gritted his teeth and swam on and on until at long last he felt sand beneath his feet. They were saved!

An extra large wave caught hold of them

and threw them up on to the shore where, for several minutes, they lay gasping.

By this time the day had dawned. Pinocchio got to his feet and offering his arms to Geppetto, who had scarcely breath to stand, said to him:

"Lean on my arm, dear papa, and let us go."

When they had gone a hundred yards they saw, at the end of a path in the middle of the fields, a nice little straw hut.

"Somebody must be living there," said Pinocchio. "Let us go and knock at the door."

They went and knocked.

"Who is there?" said a little voice from within.

"We are a poor father and son without bread and without a roof," answered the puppet.

"Turn the key and the door will open," said the same little voice.

Pinocchio turned the key and the door opened. They went in and looked here, there and everywhere, but could see no one.

"Where is the master of the house?" said Pinocchio, much surprised.

"Here I am up here!"

The father and son looked immediately up to the ceiling, and there on a beam they saw the Talking-cricket.

More adventures with Pinocchio next week.

These are the questions about the merry story "The Two Roses" on page 13. Now you can see how well you have read or listened to the story.

1. What was the Knight's name?
2. Who was Lady Leonore's father?
3. What was the Knight given when he was born?
4. What did the Knight give the Duke for Lady Leonore's hand in marriage?



PINOCCHIO

Pinocchio and his master Geppetto, after many adventures knock at the door of an old cottage. When they enter, Pinocchio sees an old friend, the Talking Cricket.

"O H, my dear little Cricket!" said Pinocchio, bowing politely to him.

"Ah! Now you call me 'Your dear little Cricket.' But do you remember the time when you threw a hammer at me, to drive me from your house?"

"You are right, Cricket! Drive me away also ... throw a hammer at me; but have pity on my poor papa..."

"I will have pity on both father and son, but I wished to remind you of the ill treatment I received from you, to teach you that in this world, when it is possible, we should be kind to everybody, if we wish people to be kind to us in our hour of need."

"You are right, Cricket, you are right and I will bear in mind the lesson you have given me. But tell me how you managed to buy this beautiful hut?"

"This hut was given to me yesterday by a goat whose wool was of a beautiful blue colour."

"And where has the goat gone?" asked Pinocchio.

"I do not know."

"And when will it come back?"

"It will never come back. It went away yesterday bleating in great grief. It seemed to say: 'Poor Pinocchio ... I shall never see him more ... by this time the whale must have eaten him!'"

"Did it really say that? Then it was she! ... it was she! ... it was my dear Good Fairy!" exclaimed Pinocchio.

When he had cried for some time he dried his eyes and prepared a comfortable bed of straw for Geppetto. Then he asked the Cricket: "Please where can I find a tumbler of milk for my poor Papa?"

"Three fields off from here there lives a gardener called Gino who keeps cows. Go to him and you will get the milk you are in want of."

Pinocchio ran all the way to Gino's house; and the gardener asked him:

"How much milk do you want?"

"I want a tumblerful."

"A tumbler of milk costs a half-penny. Begin by giving me the halfpenny."

"I have not even a farthing," replied Pinocchio sadly.

"That is bad, puppet," answered the gardener. "If you have not even a farthing, I can not even give a drop of milk."

"I'm sorry I bothered you," said Pinocchio, and he turned to go.

"Wait a little," said Gino. "Will you undertake to turn the pumping machine?"

"What is the pumping machine?"

"It is a wooden pole which serves to

draw up the water from the cistern to water the vegetables."

"You can try me"

"Well, then, if you will draw a hundred buckets of water, I will give you in exchange a tumbler of milk."

"It is a bargain."

Gino then led Pinocchio to the kitchen garden and taught him how to turn the pumping machine. Pinocchio immediately began to work; but before he had drawn up the hundred buckets of water the perspiration was pouring from his head to his feet. Never before had he felt so tired.

When Pinocchio had finished Gino gave him a tumbler of milk, still quite warm and he returned to the hut.

And from that day for more than six months he continued to get up at daybreak every morning to go and turn the pumping machine, to earn the tumbler of milk that was so good for his father in his bad state of health.

Nor was he satisfied with this, for during the time that he had over, he learnt to make hampers and baskets of rushes, and with the money he obtained by selling them he was able to buy lots of things that were needed. Amongst other things he made a little wheelchair, in which he could take his father out for long walks. He also saved up forty pence to buy himself a new coat.

One morning he said to his father:

"I am going to market to buy myself a jacket, a cap, and a pair of shoes. When I return," he added laughing, "I shall be so well dressed that you will take me for a fine gentleman."

And leaving the house he began to run merrily and happily along. All at once he heard himself called by name, and turning round he saw a big snail crawling out from the hedge.

"I have been waiting for you, Pinocchio," said the Snail. "I have some news about your Good Fairy."

"Have you indeed?" shouted Pinocchio. "Tell me quickly, my beautiful little Snail, where have you left my Good Fairy? What is she doing? Has she forgiven me? Does she still remember me? Does she still wish me well? Is she far from here? Can I go and see her?"

To all these rapid questions the Snail replied:

"My dear Pinocchio, the poor Fairy is lying in bed at the hospital!"

"At the hospital?"

"It is only too true. Overtaken by a thousand misfortunes she has fallen very ill, and she has not even enough to buy herself a mouthful of bread."

"Is it really so? ... Oh, what sorrow you have given me, Oh, poor Fairy! Poor Fairy! If I had a million pounds I would run and carry it to her ... but I have only forty pence ... here they are: I was going to buy a new coat. Take them, Snail and carry them at once to my Good Fairy."

"And your new coat?"

"What matters my new coat? I would sell even these rags that I have on to be able to help her. Go, Snail and be quick; and in two days return to this place, for I hope I shall then be able to give you some more money. Up to this time I have worked to keep my papa: from today I will work five hours more that I may also keep my Good Fairy. Goodbye, I shall expect you in two days."

The Snail began to run as fast as a greyhound.

That evening Pinocchio, instead of going to bed at ten o'clock, sat up till midnight had struck; and instead of making eight baskets of rushes he made sixteen.

Then he went to bed and fell asleep. And whilst he slept he thought that he saw the Fairy smiling and beautiful who, kissing him, said:

"Well done, Pinocchio! To reward you for your good heart I will forgive you for all that is past. Boys who look after their parents, and assist them in their old age are deserving of great praise and love, even if they are not examples of obedience and good behaviour. Try and do better in the future and you will be happy."

At this moment his dream ended, and Pinocchio opened his eyes and awoke.

But imagine his astonishment when upon awakening he discovered that he was no longer a wooden puppet, but that he had become instead a boy, like all other boys. He gave a glance round and saw that the straw walls of the hut had disappeared, and that he was in a pretty little room beautifully arranged and furnished. Jumping out of bed he found a new suit of clothes ready for him, a new cap, and a pair of new leather shoes that fitted him beautifully.

He was hardly dressed when he put his hand in his pockets and pulled out a little purse on which these words were written: "The Good Fairy returns the forty pence to her dear Pinocchio and thanks him for his good heart." He opened the purse and instead of forty copper pennies, he saw forty shining gold pieces.

He then went and looked at himself in the glass and he thought he was someone else. For he no longer saw the usual reflection of a wooden puppet; he was greeted instead by the image of a handsome boy with fair hair, blue eyes and looking happy and as joyful as if it were holiday time.

In the midst of all these wonders Pinocchio felt quite bewildered, and he could not tell if he was really awake or if he was dreaming with his eyes open.

"Where can my papa be?" he exclaimed suddenly and going into the next room he found old Geppetto quite well, lively and in

good humour, just as he had always been. He was carving a beautiful frame of leaves, flowers and the heads of animals.

"Tell me, dear papa," said Pinocchio throwing his arms round his neck and covering him with kisses "how has this sudden change come about?"

"It is all your doing," answered Geppetto.

"How my doing?"

"Because when boys who have behaved badly turn over a new leaf and become good, they have the power of bringing good luck and happiness to their families."

"And where has the old wooden Pinocchio hidden himself?"

"There he is," answered Geppetto, and he pointed to a big puppet leaning against a chair, with its head on one side, its arms dangling, and its legs crossed and bent.

Pinocchio turned and looked at it and after he had looked at it for some time, he said to himself with great pride:

"How silly I was when I was a puppet! And how glad I am that I have become a good little boy!...."

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